

THE POST.

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AT LEBANON, KY.,
BY W. W. HAGE.

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Poe's Corner.



STANZAS.

ANALYZED TO MISS ADDIE L.

Do I love thee? Yes, I love thee
As the rosebud loves the dew,
As the sun-beam loves the lily—
Thou, the beautiful, the true,
Doubt, ah! doubt not that I worship
At thy hallowed shrine of love,
But let the past and present
My every passion prove.

Yes I love thee, yes I love thee
As an angel loves the light,
When moon melts into noon-day,
And noonday into night,
When moonbeams softly linger
On the lakelet's rippling breast,
When stars are brightly shining
In their home of pensive rest.

But ah, there seems to hover
Around this form of mine,
A fate—oh may it never
Afore—oh may it never
But may sweet birds and flowers
Ever have a voice for thee,
And may thy future pathway
Strewed with roses, ever be.

"But, whatever fate befalls me"
In the dreary path of life,
Whatever storms shall gather
And around me wage dark strife,
Whatever dark allurement
Shall in my future lie,
I will ever spend the moments
In sweet, wild dreams of thee.

GREENSBURG, Ky., Feb. 1856. H. A. J.

An Original Story.

For the Post.

OAKLAND.

A Story of Every Day Life.

"Je prends tout doucement les hommes comme ils sont."

CHAPTER IV.

"And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparent in her precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul."

In the parlor at Oakland, a bright, sunny morning in Autumn's delightful season, sat Miss Allen and her cousin, engaged each of them in that nondescript employment which young ladies are pleased to call work—and which, so far as the writer of these pages has been able to inform himself, consists in doing nothing with a great display of industry. As the fair damsels pursued their stitching and cutting and what not, now and then interrupting the busy plying of scissors or needles to make some remark suggested most frequently by the said stitching and cutting, without all nature seemed to be rejoicing in the delightful air and glorious sunshine. The little lawn in front of Oakland house, fairly sparkled with the reflection of the sun's rays from the tiny dew-drops which had not yet been dissipated from the lustrous sward. The roses, too, added their perfume to the gentle breeze that, playing among the venerable trees that surrounded the house, ever and anon stole thro' the open casements, and disturbed with its soft touch some of the numerous little knickknacks which feminine hands had strewn about the room, for no better purpose, perhaps, than to be tossed and buffeted by the wandering zephyrs. In the distance could be seen Mr. Allen's herds of cattle, quietly roaming over the green meadows, and his horses now tranquilly munching the sweet grass, now madly careering over the plain in all the ardor of play. The merry songs of the negroes were heard every now and then as the wagons, heavily laden with the produce of rich fields, passed the house on their way to the already teeming barns of the farmer. The hum of the bees, now collecting the last of their winter stores, and the carolling of the birds, as they lightly flew from tree to tree, attracted the attention, and with the others, called the soul to acknowledge and worship its Creator, as the mezzan calls the pious Mussalman to prayer from the high minaret.

"Oh, what a lovely morning it is, Sae," exclaimed her cousin, as, laying aside her work-box, she walked to the window, and looked out upon its beauties; her eye glancing down the road which lead to Kenton, "I do believe," she continued, "here comes Mr. Wood, and another gentleman with him. I wonder if it can be the friend he spoke of to us?"

The exclamation brought Miss Allen to the lookout also, and the rapid approach of the gentleman, as their horses bore them on at a quick gallop, speedily dissipating the doubts of the cousins as to the identity of one of the equestrians at least, a hurried retreat was made from the parlor to make their changes of toilet which ladies seem to regard as essential to the proper display of respect to morning visitors.

"Behold in me, fair ladies," exclaimed Wood, with a theatrical air, as the cousins re-entered the room, "the faithful guardian of my promise, and permit me to present to you my friend, Mr. Gordon."

Miss Allen did the honors to the stranger with a degree of grace and ease which rather astonished Wood, who had hitherto seen but little in her to lead him to believe she could ever shake off the ennuye air which seemed generally to sit so well upon her face. On this occasion, however, there appeared an alacrity in her movements, a sparkle in her eye, and a general exhibition of a desire to be agreeable—may, fascinating, which was so extraordinary to Wood, that his wonder at it was even evinced in his widely opened eyes.

"By Jove," he thought, "Gordon's Vandike beard, or some of his fancy paraphernalia has evaporated her."

And seizing upon a rocking chair, he drew it along-side the ottoman upon which she had taken a seat, and in a few minutes was deep in an eloquent dissertation upon the weather, that inexhaustible theme.

And here, dear reader, will you permit the author of this veritable story, as was the custom of the learned and erudite Curvantes, to appear in person before you, and say a word or two apropos of the discussion of the weather in upon small-talk generally. Is that trilling, insipid, trashy collection of words, that repetition of common-places, which goes by the name of small-talk, absolutely necessary? Are people compelled to try how silly they can be in social conversation? Is it an additional charm to colloquial intercourse that the most rapid expressions should be used? Can I not, my dear young lady, amuse you by talking rationally—by trying to improve both of us—by telling us something you don't know, and hearing from you something that I never dreamed of? Which is most important to you to learn—whether Sally Jones wore a red or green dress last Sunday at Church, or that you can find rich treasures of thought and sentiment in a book you have never seen? Shall I set by you and tell you the petty gossip and scandal of the day, what Dick Thompson says of Miss Fanny Taylor, where the next wedding will be, and so on? Can I only thus amuse and entertain you?

I remember once of having heard a Russian gentleman say, "Sir, I talk to these young ladies as eloquently as I can, and of almost everything—I speak English pretty well, I believe—I almost make des beaux vers to them, and sometimes I notice they become more pensive and serene, retaining the same tone and manner, I count one, two, three, &c.; and the fair lady still bows and smiles, and says yes and no, just as if she perfectly understood all that was going on." This anecdote gives me some hope. For if there be exceptions to the general rule that common-places and gossip afford most entertainment, we may trust that in time there will be found some champion to espouse the true "rights of women," who will be bold enough to deny that women are soulless, senseless; who will prove it by declaring and showing that small talk is not the "sovereign good" in our social intercourse with them—who will advocate the discussion of the probability of the moon's being made of green cheese, rather than the chance of Bob's marrying Joan—who will, in short, plead for the exercise in women of that greatest of machines—the mind.

"Oh, Mr. Wood," Miss Allen exclaimed, as we return to her from this digression, "have you seen Mr. Benson yet? He is such a comical fellow, I think you would be vastly amused by him."

"Is he, indeed? Comicality is a charming trait in a young gentleman. I am sorry to say, however, he has not yet developed such a possession to me. He did, tho', tell me several amusing anecdotes of some of his friends in Kenton."

"Oh, now Mr. Wood, do tell me what he said to you—nothing very scandalous, I hope."

"Why, no—not very, yet, perhaps, a little—let me see; I think I can hardly tell you," continuing hurriedly, as if he had suddenly seized upon a new train of thought, "Mr. Benson is a very particular friend of yours, is he not?"

"Well, I scarcely know. I like him very well myself, he is so amusing; but I have fancied sometimes I was not very high in his favor. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, for no reason worth mentioning—none at all, really," Wood was now getting on a peu distrait—"none at all."

In truth, his attention had been diverted from Miss Allen to the cousin, who had just said to his friend, thus interrupting Wood's attempt to discover the truth of some suspicion which had entered his head: "The material world I know but little of; my life has rather been spent among spirits which I have called around me, or at least I have peopled the earth, which I have one day expected to see with creatures of my own fancy, regardless of how far I may wander from the truth. This castle-building, tho' it may be deleterious in its influence upon us, has, at all events, brought to me what I regard as the great thing of life—contentment. With my books and my music, I have hitherto had a pleasant nay, I may say a happy life."

his speech struck him, from which he extracted himself by heaving Miss Leslie to sing. Wood added his own solicitations to those of his friend; and with her usual good nature she sat down at the piano, and after strumming lightly a prelude, turned to Gordon and asked:

"What shall I sing?"

"I had much rather have your taste make the selection."

"No, choose for yourself."

"Then I beg you will sing that delicious melody of Moore's, 'The Last Rose of Summer.' It is one of my greatest favorites, and I don't not of yours?"

"You are right—dimes all of Moore's lyrics are beautiful, I think—and I will do my best to show you my appreciation of this one."

Her fingers moved softly over the keys as she played the symphony, and then there gushed from her lips a flood of melody so exquisite that Gordon stood

"As lost in a dream, to say the pilgrimage of that sweet lay!"

and even the less spiritual Wood and the apparently immovable Miss Allen seemed entranced. As the last cadences died away

"Like an echo heard sweet and faint beneath the sea,"

the listeners stood mute and seemingly spell-bound—thus paying to the last songstress that high compliment which is expressed by "eloquent silence." From the pathetic air of Moore's, she turned to some light sprightly selections, and with great delight her listeners discovered that she could charm their ears with the gay as well as the moving strains of music. Her enchanting performance continued for some time, till, to the chagrin of Gordon, it was interrupted by a servant announcing two lady visitors to Miss Allen. The gentlemen seized upon the opportunity, then offered to make their bows; for Gordon felt indisposed to fall into general conversation after having his soul so excited by Miss Leslie's "concert of sweet sounds," and Wood had to desire to resume his tête-à-tête with her cousin. As the gentlemen were retiring, Mr. Allen came in and pressed them to remain longer, and to dinner, but they urged better writing and what not as their excuses, and remounting their steeds, were soon moving in a brisk canter toward Kenton.

"Well, Gordon," asked his friend, after they had ridden some distance without interchanging a word—the former being buried in deep thought and Wood respecting his apparent wish to indulge the meditative mood, "what do you think of the fair damsels of Oakland, and of Miss Leslie especially?"

"Oh," replied Gordon, scarcely aroused by his friend's question, "Oh, I think she is a very nice young woman."

"What!" cried Wood, in a tone indicating great astonishment. "I think she is a very nice young woman."

"Heaven it, ye Gods! A nice young woman! Why, blame it, man, you must be dreaming."

"Did you envy me my place by her today, Charley—did you want to propose very badly, eh?" a shy smile lurking about his lips as he spoke.

"Why, what a Goth you are, to speak of such a divine creature as a nice young woman—sure—a pretty adjective to couple with such angelic qualities as she possesses. Indeed I give you credit for better taste."

"Which I have, Charley, if you want me to be very serious. She is a remarkably pleasant—affable, amiable, naive, singing, dancing, and talks delightfully—there will that suit you? I cannot go into raptures as you do, for my love is of slow growth—requires careful and assiduous cultivation, and besides must be found upon something more solid than the attractions of a young lady the first time I met upon her. If I could get up an excitement as you do it, at such very short notice as is your custom of an afternoon, doubtless I should rhapsodize for a fortnight upon Miss Leslie's merits of person and mind. But my dull heart requires a great many of those burning glances and fiery words and all the artillery of love, long applied, too, to melt and feel itself grow tender. However, I like the lady of Oakland very much, and—ah! I think I shall entwine her."

"Not you, sir. I trust that if you had praised her as you should have done, I would have altered my own favor, but since she has made no more impression upon you than you say, may I presume to say that you are not in love with her?"

"Thank you! I presume you had better sweet chat with her to-day, did you not, Charley?"

"Yes, a very agreeable time, indeed. I have never seen her more amiable, never so much disposed to talk and listen. Do you think my description of her a good one?"

"Yes, of her person—spiritually I know nothing, of course. A little too high colored, perhaps; due, no doubt, to your devotion to her cousin. I will reserve my opinion, however, till I know more of her. Her appearance is decidedly good—but features, in fact, have deceived little to do with a woman's beauty, after all. What difference does it make whether the picture from a magic lantern is thrown upon

a silk or a cotton screen—a heavy is neither lightened by the one nor lessened by the other. Thus of the face, a pure and noble soul can trace itself upon a countenance utterly devoid of regularity, as well as upon one which would compare with the Medusa Venus. To all men of sensibility, the face of woman is but a altar—the soul is the god, which clothes itself in language. The advantage of being handsome to a woman is, that she attracts attention at first glance; for we naturally turn to the beautiful. But if beneath the fair exterior we find a depraved spirit, we turn off with a great deal more alacrity than at first we approached her."

"Oh, blame your preaching, Harry—give me a pretty woman, my boy, and if she has the firmness and I am unphilosophical of these girls, I'll not ask the gods for more."

Kenton was now in sight, and the "fast hell" of the Union admiral and the friends that upon their speed depended their chances of getting a hot dinner.

Late in the afternoon Mr. Benson again called upon Wood, and desired him to hold himself disengaged for the following evening, as a social gathering was to take place at the house of an uncle of his, who in compliment to the strangers desired them to attend.

"You will thus," said Mr. Benson, "have an opportunity of seeing our congregated battery, and of forming some notion of one of our conversationalists—unlike those of old, it is true; for we discuss neither literature, science, nor art—but of small-talk you will have an abundance, and I can promise you a nice musical treat."

The friends readily accepted the invitation; for they were curious to see whether Miss Allen and her cousin were fair specimens of the genius milder in this, to them new, region, and because they looked for a really novel scene on this evening.

Mr. Benson continued to amuse the strange s with anecdotes and satirical remarks suggested by the catalogue of ladies' names which he ran over as belonging to those who would appear at the party—thus displaying a tinge of the same spirit which Wood possessed; less respectful, perhaps, to the sex generally.

The evening passed off in lively conversation, interspersed with quaint sayings by Gordon, and witty sallies from Wood. The usual necessities to the agreeable passage of the hour "before the end" finally made their appearance, at which time Clark joined the party, and wassailing now commencing, leave we the quartette to their course.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Unrelated.

For the Post.

My Early Home.

How sadly, yet sweetly does this short sentence fall upon the ears of those who have long wandered from the hallowed and sunny place of memory? What my dim recollections come crowding upon the mind—what bright visions of past scenes—of past joys, rise to the unimpaired view? For a moment they forget the present and uncertain future, and wander back through the dark vista of by-gone years, and live over again the bright, happy and joyous days—

"When all things pleased, for life itself was joy."

And the heart promised what the fancy drew. The memory of that innocent period of human existence will never cease to reanimate the tired spirit. Even in after years, when the bare-worn body is curved and decrepit by age, it will remain unforgetten. They whose souls have long been steeped in misery and wickedness, are visited by the sweet memories of the former joys and transient griefs of their childhood. Through all the storms of life it will cling to remembrance, unavailing the cheerless gloom of the future. Happy and thankful should be the heart to whom such visions are familiar, after the long and stern realities of life. Who would wish to blot from memory their earliest recollections, when all in their faint eyes were good, pure, and unsullied as the simple thoughts that reigned in their youthful bosoms? Who would cease to recall the gliding time?

"When love was bliss and beauty formed our heaven."

Who would not remember when sin, sorrow, and the instability of earthly attachments were things unknown to them? There are but few who can truthfully exclaim:

"Thank God, I never can be a child again."

Such a sentiment seems honest and unfeigned. We envy not the feeling. We love, at times to unlock the "casket of memory," and fondly look upon its choicest treasures. In fancy we bask in former bliss. We would renew our youth, and be a child again. Yes, we would revive the

"Beloved age of innocence and smiles, When each wing'd hour some new delight beguiled."

When the gray hair to life's sweet day spring true, Still find some insect pleasure to pursue."

We deem it not unworthy to view in retrospect those halcyon days—Ye who have been nurtured in rural life, and have left its quiet to engage in "feverish strife"

with the jostling, eager, self-devoted throng of the busy city, will certainly be the companion of our rambles to the scene of our nativity.

We will leave the beam of the busy life, the fast-going shades and whirling spheres far behind. As we approach the old homestead, how many fond and endearing scenes meet our ardent gaze. Let us for a moment examine yon dilapidated building at the right, the one with the eaves forever reared upon it, and curious characters rudely carved upon its walls. Look—can you decipher yonder name cut in mossy letters? It is an old vestige of a day when we dwelt that with our names—then we were a thrice-told school-boy. It was here we were first taught to spell the A. B. C.—Here we quaffed the first draught from the life-giving, widespread stream of knowledge—loved school horse that witnessed our juvenile sports, lawless; while we hasten to still dearer scenes. As we near the loved spot, how it makes the soul thrill with delightful rapture. Almost every rock, stump, hill, and flowery dale is a link in the chain of association that connects them to some image we had long since forgotten.

"Up springs at every step to chain a tear, Some little friendship trail'd and cherished here."

Beneath the spreading branches of yon stately oak, upon the hill we have passed many happy hours in idle sports. There by the grave is the pond where in winter we first essayed to skim its frozen surface upon skates; and vividly do we remember the extra bumps that were raised upon our luckless head for our unskillfulness; just beyond, on the bank of that silvery stream, we used to sit in summer time, watching the tiny wavelets, and rippling their surface with pebbles, or having our limbs in the clear sparkling waters. Do you see that neat, white cottage, by the woods upon the plain, with trees and rose-bushes flourishing around it? There was our home. There is the same grassy bank, the same flower garden in its front that once was our task to free from choking weeds. That truly was the first garden of our innocence. Let us enter the door, and once more sit beneath the roof that oft has rung with loud peals of our childish laughter. Here

"We chafed the slippery, the round, And tar'd the olivfold hero round and round."

Here, with youthful ardor, we engaged in the simple joys of childhood, with a brow invisible by corroding care, and unimpaired of all but the happy present.

We will now wander in the shady alley of these venerable woods. This was our boyhood's favorite haunt. Here, alone, beneath the thick foliage, reclining upon a mossy seat, we dreamed the rosy-winged hours away. On a branch of that stately chestnut our swing was fastened, in which we soared, half pleased, and half afraid. There, through that flourishing orchard, our young form hastened at early dawn, to gather the red ripe fruit—Tum where we will, we recognize scenes endeared to memory, and replete with a thousand pleasing associations of our juvenile days.

But we see not the familiar faces of those who were the objects of our youthful friendships, and the joyous companions of those blissful hours.

Those who have not tired in the race of life, and sought for peace where the "weary are at rest" are like ourselves wanderers from their birthplace, struggling for existence among strangers in other lands; but still striving to realize the delusive dream of happiness, which their infancy promised. May hope never forsake them, and in all the trying vicissitudes of life, may they be blessed with pleasant memories, ever cherishing the fond recollections of their early home.

HAROLD.

LEBANON, KY.

Beelzebub.

This notorious individual has been indicted at the last term of the Clark Circuit Court, in Indiana, for assault and battery, with intent to murder, perjury, and arson, and is now lying in jail at Charles town, for want of bail. We learn that he has left the Know-Nothing Order, it having become too corrupt even for him. He is now threatening to make disclosures which cause his former confederates to quake in their boots. We are induced to think that Beelzebub is a great deal better than those who stand in the back ground and urged him on, and who have now deserted him in his hour of trouble. We shall look with some interest for his promised disclosures.

Hiram Powers.—A paragraph has been published to the effect that Hiram Powers, the sculptor, was in pecuniary distress; it would appear, however, not to be true, for in a letter recently received from him, he says: "I am now most prosperous, having passed over many years of great trial and difficulties, which, but for the Yankee blood in my veins, would have broken me up long ago, and sent me home to pursue a more lucrative business." He anticipates a permanent home among his countrymen, he says, "and under the laws of the only country which assures full equality to mankind."

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Bishop Spalding in New Orleans.

The lectures of Bishop Spalding, of this diocese, to attract considerable attention in New Orleans. As one of our readers may be interested in knowing how they have been received, we copy the following from the New Orleans Courier of the 1st inst.:—*See Ours.*

Bishop SPALDING'S LECTURE.—The address—the first of the course—by Bishop Spalding, of Louisville, before a large audience, consisting of the members of the Catholic hierarchy, and other clergymen, at Old Pelieu's Hall, last evening, was what the morning and reputation of the distinguished orator and eminent divine led us to anticipate. His manner is unostentatious and natural, his voice clear and distinct, his choice of language discreet and his style perspicuous and logical. Although he disclaimed any design to treat his auditors with the figures of rhetoric, he nevertheless made use of smiles, figures and comparisons full of the poetical, the grand and the poetical.

His theme was "The Elements and History of Civilization," and in the course of his lecture his illustrated Page in Civilization unfolded the earlier history of that divine civilization in which we live. His pictures of the condition of man in the Pagan era, of the transition from Paganism to Christianity, of the influence of the early Catholic Church in diffusing knowledge, promoting peace, establishing law and thwarting tyranny, of the sufferings of the Christian martyrs, and of the labors of the early Christian Missionaries, were replete with interest to historians and scholars no less than to all others. The eminent lecturer was interrupted by frequent applause and in no instance was it more emphatic than when he so eloquently portrayed the manner in which early Catholicism redeemed man from the servile degradation with which was her universal lot under the influence of Paganism, to liberty, respect and equality, as well as gave her an equal hope with man for an immortality, which the heathens had denied her, as nil heathens now do.

At the conclusion of the discourse, he announced that the subject of his next lecture would be "The Thousand Year's struggle between the Crescent and the Cross." To all who take any interest in the great problem of civilization, which it is the most densely and vitally important work of the human race to solve, with out distinction of creed or persuasion, this lecture will doubtless prove deeply interesting.

"I will give ten dollars to know how much corn I have in my crib," said a farmer the other day in our hearing.

There is nothing required to be ascertained that is more simple. A barrel of corn in the shuck is a bushel. Such barrel measures about four cubic feet—therefore, all that is necessary to be done is to level the corn in the crib, and multiply the length by the breadth and the product by 4, and the quotient will be the number of bushels of shelled corn in the crib.

We have been shown a letter received by Pleasant Hines, Esq., of this place, from a negro he formerly owned, who has, after repeated efforts, made his way to Canada. He writes in that desponding tone which is the inevitable result of disappointed expectations.

He met, instead of encouragement and employment, with distrust and neglect, and in reverence to his old home, aptly says: "We never know the worth of anything in life except by the loss of it." He winds up by asking his former master to send him some money to prevent him from suffering. A sad commentary in his case, upon the risible kindness of our abolition neighbors, who aid our slaves in escaping to freedom and starvation.

Burling Green Standard.

Among the multitude of prisoners before the police court was a "nigger ob color," the honor of whose arrest none of the officers could or would claim.

"Who arrested you?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

"I doesn't know," was the reply.

"What was you doing when arrested?"

"I doesn't know."

"Wasn't you a drunk?"

"I doesn't know."

"Well, what do you know?" asked the city attorney, somewhat impatiently.

"Me! said the colored gentleman, with an air of importance, me! why, I know nuffin'."

Under these circumstances, the court dismissed the prisoner.

We hope that the discharge of a Know Nothing without punishment will not startle the political world.

Sam—Where you been so long?
Julius—Been round tustin' whisky.
Sam—You like any parti star board?
Julius—Yes, I generally drink de Union brand.

Sam—Dat kind'll suit Massa Banks.
Julius—Why?
Sam—Kee-bee is in favor ob lettin' de Union slid, he is.

MANUFACTURE OF BROOMS.—There are eight manufactories of brooms in the town of Poland, Ohio, which turn out about three hundred dozen per week, or 15,000 dozen through the year.



LEBANON, KY.

Wednesday Morning, Feb. 27, 1856

Our Ticket,

Subject to a National Convention.

FOR PRESIDENT:

HENRY A. WISE,

Of Virginia.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:

Stephen A. Douglas,

Of Illinois.

In another column will be seen a dispatch from Philadelphia in relation to the doings of the know nothing convention. If any proof were wanting to convince the infatuated members of this delectable party south of Mason and Dixon's Line of their aims, objects and ends of their northern brethren, they have it now "as strong as holy writ." The "pre-empting" spirit of the 12th article of the first platform, goodness knows, was weak enough to start a suspicion of the unsoundness of the party on the slavery question, in every southern mind; but when they throw even this overboard, what can they think now. There is but one conclusion to come to, and that is, the utter rottenness of the northern wing of the k. n. party upon that all absorbing question of SLAVERY. This party was born and reared in the north, has shown itself perfectly indignant to the northern malaria of Abolitionism, and is of mushroom growth and we hope it will be of equally ephemeral existence; how strong minded southern men can coalesce with such a set, is perfectly astonishing to us. That some may have been inveigled into the snare, first by the apparent antipathy to foreigners, and secondly by the false and damnable accusations against both foreign and native Catholics, we cannot deny nor wonder at. The human mind is so constituted, that when you strike a party prejudice or personal feeling of antipathy the man becomes a mere tool in the hands of the skillful artist, or rather pincushion to be shaped to his will. The members of the party in the south, can certainly see how the wind blows by this time, if they do not then they are blind indeed. What has the convention at Philadelphia done? They have admitted both Catholics and foreigners to their body! and recinded the clap-trap which induced southern know nothings to believe firmly that the party was sound on the slavery question. What can any k. n. in the south, who is willing to uphold southern principles and southern institutions, think of such a party? Come out of such a party all ye that have one spark of patriotism left. They have hoodwinked you, they have bound you to them by awful oaths; and when they deem you securely in their power, they have, one by one, thrown off those delusive charms which had so fascinated you, and now exhibit to the world their devilish shape, cloven foot and all. Again we say, come out; break loose those meshes which seemed at first but gossamer, but upon examination prove to be formed of steel.—Get rid of this incubus which hangs around you, and stand once more forth as freeman and men.

The Democrats and anti-know nothings of this precinct are requested to bear in mind that there will be a meeting held in Lebanon on Saturday next. The object of this meeting is to select delegates to attend the County Convention which will be held in this place on the Monday following, it being County Court Day. There will also be a meeting in New Market on the same day, for the same purpose. We hope these meetings will be well attended.

The object of this convention is, to nominate candidates for the offices of Circuit Clerk and Sheriff. And we hope to see something done towards the District Convention which we proposed in our last issue.

We also understand that there will be meetings held in Haysville and at Livers Springs on the same day.

BURSTED UP.—Sure enough, Barnum has bursted up, gone into bankruptcy, and Frederick Crosswell, Esq., has been appointed Trustee of his estate. The failure of the Jerome Clock Company is even worse than has been represented.

A Know-Nothing editor up North had about four inches of his ears frozen off during the cold snap. They are still plenty long enough.

Celebration of the 22nd.

We had the pleasure on Friday last, of being present at the celebration of the anniversary of Washington's Birth Day, by the Students of St. Mary's College. The whole of the exercises were enlivened by an excellent band of music, whose spirit-stirring strains caused a patriotic thrill to pervade the whole assembly. Mr. ROBERT DORCHESTER, delivered a very eloquent address upon the present political phases in the United States; in which he drew very happy comparisons between the true patriots of '76, and their bogus representatives of the present day. Sam received no quarter from the gifted young orator, who dissected him with a master hand and exhibited his loathsome deformities to his attentive auditory. Mr. LANCASTER SPALDING next ascended the rostrum, and delivered a not only eloquent but beautiful panegyric upon the life, trials and virtues of WASHINGTON. As the youthful orator portrayed in glowing colors the trials and unparalleled hardships which Washington and his compatriots underwent, not a heart in that assemblage but responded to his exclamation—"O, Liberty, at what a price hast thou been bought! and how dear shouldst thou not be to every true American heart!" Though youthful in years, Mr. S. already bids fair to make his mark in the world.

After the speeches, the students and invited guests adjourned to the refectory where a sumptuous repast awaited them. Here good cheer, happiness and unalloyed patriotism were the order of the day. After partaking of the substantial fare, the Regular toasts were read, which were followed by a number of voluntary sentiments by the faculty, the invited guests, and the students young and old, all breathing pure patriotism. Long may St. Mary's be the instrument of instilling into the youthful mind those ennobling sentiments exhibited on that occasion.

Since the above was in type, we have received from the Rev. President of the institution, a copy of the toasts, and regret exceedingly our inability to publish them in the present number. We will give them a place in our next.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, for March, has been received. It is an interesting number—as we are pleased to say of all the past—and one will be more than repaid by its perusal. We would recommend it to all of our ladies who feel the least interest in fashion and literature.

BOILER EXPLOSION AND LOSS OF LIFE.—On Saturday last one of the boilers in the Louisville, paper mill, exploded, killing four persons outright, and wounding two others. The persons killed were Thomas Canon, Daniel Dailey, a girl named Melton, and John Price, the negro fireman.—They were all employed in the mill.

THE JUDICIAL RACE.—Since the k. n. party have pushed their machinations and "wild hunt" after office, even to the Judicial Bench, it behooves the sterling Democracy and their allies the "old line" Whigs, to be up and doing. It now becomes their imperative duty to fight the enemy with the same weapons which they use. We would, therefore, suggest to our party, that they first hold their county meetings, and in those meetings appoint delegates to a District Convention; which Convention to nominate candidates for the offices of Circuit Judge and Commonwealth Attorney.—*Lebanon Post.*

We highly approve of the above suggestion of the Post, and we believe this policy should be adopted in every district and every county in the State. We have a party to oppose which will have its secret nominee for every office, and the Democracy should be on their guard and meet them with their own weapons.—Trust to no man's professions. Take no half-way men. He who is not for us is against us. Nominate a true man and vote for him.

This is the true policy everywhere—in districts that are against us, as well as in those that are for us. If you act otherwise, you will be cheated by the Know Nothings, or witness the disgrace of Democrats voting for Hindoos. Have your own party man in every instance. Make no terms with the enemy; and never cast a vote for a member of a Know Nothing lodge upon any terms.—*Lou. Times.*

Indiana in motion.

The sterling and invincible Democracy of Indiana have already taken the field and "set the ball in motion" for the "big fight." That eloquent young champion, A. P. Willard, is "on the stump," and like Wise of Virginia, is slaying the cohorts of "Sam" wherever he finds them. Wherever he has addressed the people he has been received with the wildest demonstrations of enthusiasm. Changes are constantly taking place—and the converts to the standard of Democracy are so numerous that it is impossible to note them. Ex-Senator Pettit has also buckled on his armor, and is doing yeoman's service in the "good cause." In November next Indiana and Kentucky will stand side by side in the front ranks of the great Democratic army. The decree has gone forth and all the efforts of Sam and Sambo combined cannot reverse it.—*Lou. Drin.*

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 20, P. M.

W. N. HALDEMAN, Editor Louisville Courier: The know-nothing national council had a very stormy and disorderly session to-day.

A motion to strike out the "Twelfth Section" of the platform adopted by the national convention last June, in regard to slavery, was fully discussed by the northern delegates, when they moved and demanded the previous question. This extraordinary action naturally created a prodigious excitement, and Hon. A. Boteler, of Virginia, and other prominent southerners, pronounced the "American" party dead! This was followed by a scene of confusion which cannot be described, and a motion for adjournment then carried.

It is confidently predicted that there will be a grand burst up, smash up and break down of the party to-morrow, of all of which you will hear from.

SE DE KAY.

A WOMAN SENTENCED TO BE HUNG.—Sarah Hayercraft, convicted of murder in the first degree, was brought into court on Saturday to receive the sentence of death. This woman killed a paramour of the name of Hudson on the 11th of December last, the particulars of which were published at the time. She had nothing to say why the sentence of death should not be passed upon her, and her conduct was one of perfect indifference, exhibiting no emotion whatever. The judge then sentenced her to be hung on Friday, the 11th day of April next. She was then conveyed back to jail, and it was only when the blind door of her cell was about being closed on her that she exhibited any feeling, and then she wept bitterly.—*St. Louis Republican, 18th.*

On the 3d died at Constantinople a certain musashih (imperial buffoon) named Said Effendi, at the age of 120 years and 7 months. He had served four sultans as jester.

Hurley's Syrup of Sarsaparilla.

INNOCENT BUT POWERFUL.—The fame of this medicine has now extended to every part of the Union as a powerful and valuable remedy for purifying the blood and removing disease. It should be in the possession of every one who values health; the weak—the feeble—the nervous—the delicate, are all rapidly benefited by this truly safe and effective compound. It is very largely taken during the spring and summer months, and is, beyond all question, the most elegant and wonderful restorative ever offered to mankind.—*Lou. Times.*

Sold here by Noble & Co.

A gentleman from Lexington informs us that Capt. Thos. Taylor, Sheriff of the wealthy county of Bourbon, has defaulted to the county to a large amount. The County Court on Monday elected Mr. Pullen, to fill the vacancy caused by the default. Capt. Taylor was a very popular man, an active member of the K. N. Order, and a candidate for the re-nomination of that party, with sure prospects of being elected.

A destructive fire occurred at Burlington, Iowa, on Thursday last. Several fine buildings were destroyed. Loss \$10,000.

The St. Louis Democrat of the 16th says that the everlasting case of the State vs. Ned Buntline (the paternal of Know-Nothingism) is before the Criminal Court of that city again.

Large quantities of very fine Cannel coal have been discovered in Iowa, a few miles south of Salem.

The caverns of East Tennessee contains immense quantities of nitrous earth, from which salt-petre is manufactured.

PROFESSION VS. PRACTICE.—The Hindoos of Little Rock have moved a native from one of the good offices of that city, and filled his place with a foreigner.—"Americans shall rule America."

The Democrats have carried Vincennes by a large majority, notwithstanding the shedding of blood at the polls by Hindoos. At the previous election the Hindoos swept everything before them.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—It is said that Mr. John Brush, of Brooklyn, New York, has saved the plums on a number of trees, the present season, by binding bunches of tansy upon them, the trees thus treated ripened to perfection, while that near by, not thus protected, were entirely destroyed by curculio.

At Genesee Falls, says the Rochester Democrat, the ice is heaped up from level of the river below to the precipices, about fifty feet forming a beautiful iceberg; and a large mass of ice extends from the brink of the fall until it connects with that below, with now and then a small stream of water percolating between the huge icicles.

American silver, half and quarter dollars, by act, are henceforth to be worth only forty and twenty cents on the Island of Cuba.

J. H. Johnson, Esq. has resigned the editorial charge of the Lexington Statesman. He is to be editor of a new paper, the "Democrat," to be published at Cincinnati.

The Columbus, Ohio, Statesman of the 8th inst., says, that tens of thousands of bushels of corn are ungathered, and at present and for six weeks past, ungathered along the Scioto bottoms. A flood just now would make sad work with some men's calculations.

Red colored fish have been found in an artesian well in California, supposed to have proceeded from a subterranean lake, with which the well communicates.

Texas Items.

From the New Orleans Picayune of the 13th inst., we clip the following items:

We learn from the San Antonio Texas that the Legislature has passed a bill granting to the San Antonio and Mexican Gulf Railroad Company an extension of time till June, 1857, to build twenty-five miles of road.

The Corpus Christa Valley and Advertiser, of the 2d inst., says that preparations are making in that place for the extensive manufacture of salt by solar evaporation, at the great salt lake in the vicinity, during the coming season.

The San Antonio Reporter learns that Martin Kostza, the Hungarian, has purchased a farm on the Medina, for which he paid \$2,000.

The Legislature, at its late session, created fifteen new counties. It also passed a stringent liquor license bill.

The Victoria Advocate, of the 2d inst., nothing the damage done by the severe frosts to plants and shrubbery, says:

"The first cold spell—about Christmas—found vegetation green and growing, and, of course, more liable to damage than if it had been gradually checked in its growth, and hardened by cold, but not freezing weather. Banana plants were killed to the ground, but will probably sprout up again as vigorous as ever. Fig trees, except a few hardy varieties, or those in protected situations, were either killed or greatly injured; and orange and lemon trees shared the same fate. Some of these beautiful trees (orange and lemon) are six or seven years old, and of healthy and vigorous growth, that would probably have produced fruit next season, were entirely destroyed. The choicest varieties of monthly and perpetual blooming roses were also taken by surprise, and mostly killed or greatly injured. Apple, pear, and peach trees, and the suppering grape vine received no injury."

The Speakership.

Let politicians and partisans say what they may; (says the North Carolina Standard) one fact is indisputably true—and that is, that the Know Nothing party has presented to the country a Speaker in the person of Mr. Banks. Write and wriggle as southern Know Nothings may and do, this truth is plain and glaring. N. P. Banks is a Know Nothing, and he and his crew claim to be the Simon pure Know Nothings. In their estimation, the southern faction claiming to be Know Nothings is "spurious." There are 114 members of Congress claiming to be Know Nothings, and of these 87 voted for Banks and 27 for Aiken, and some even of these 27 voted for the Democratic candidate under protest; while one, Mr. Davis, of Maryland, indirectly voted for Banks by throwing away his vote on Fuller.

Let the southern people remember, as a fact clearly established, that the Know Nothing party has given to the country its first abolition Speaker.

The Sugar Planter, a paper recently commenced in West Baton Rouge, says: "From all parts of our parish we hear loud complaints of the effects of the late severe cold spell of weather upon the entire crop. On many of our plantations the entire crop planted has been destroyed as well as nearly all the cane mat-hid.—The late freezing spell has been severer than any known for years, and, as far as we can learn, the same destruction to the crops prevails throughout the State. The planting this year has been much larger than usual, and the loss of almost the entire crop of planting cane will be severely felt by our planters."

The K. N. National Council

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 21, M.—The National Council spent most of the morning in considering the resolution rescinding the 12th section.

Mr. Evans, of Washington, proposed as a substitute the new platform published in the Daily American Organ at Washington, February 15th. After a long debate the vote was taken on it and passed by a vote of 108 to 77. The result was hailed with much satisfaction.

The Council occupied much time in hearing an explanation from the Ohio delegates relative to the charge of Black Republicanism against Ford, of Ohio, preferred by Bennett, of New York.

The Council will probably adjourn sine die.

MOVING IN NEWPORT.—Alf. Burnet had made arrangements for giving, at the Odd Fellow's Hall in Newport, last night, one of his entertainments, in conjunction with Mrs. Curtis, for whose benefit the performance was intended. As he approached the Hall, having his wife in company with him, some friends met him and desired him to return, as a large crowd had collected with a determination of lynching him as an Abolitionist. A man named Dale came up and informed him he was a member of a committee appointed to conduct him back over the river. Alf. found numbers and prejudice against him, and had to return with the accompaniment of a juvenile band of tin kettle performers. He made attempts to explain that his intentions were to assist a lady whose position demanded sympathy and was permitted to regain his home in safety.—*Cin. Columbian, 16th.*

Late advices from Havana confirm the failure of the sugar crop. The continuous rains were fast destroying all hopes of a large crop. The pressed cane will not dry from lack of fuel, and more than half of the crop would be left standing in the field, planters being unable to grind it.

The new City Charter of Lexington, which was submitted to the people on Saturday last, was rejected—for the Charter 100, against it 23.

New Advertisements.

BIG BOSTON.

THIS fine thorough-bred Stallion will make the ensuing season, which has commenced and will end the 1st of July, at May & Alcock's Stable, in Hardtown, Ky., at the very low price of \$10 the season, and \$15 the insurance. Mares from a distance will be taken good care of at moderate prices. The services of this fine young horse are offered to the public with great confidence, as we do not believe any untired stallion in the State has better prospects as a breeder of Saddle, Harness and Turf horses. We shall breed all our own blooded mares to him that are not too nearly related. The value of a horse's colts depends so much upon the number of mares he goes to, that Big Boston will be limited this season to fifty besides our own.

DESCRIPTION.

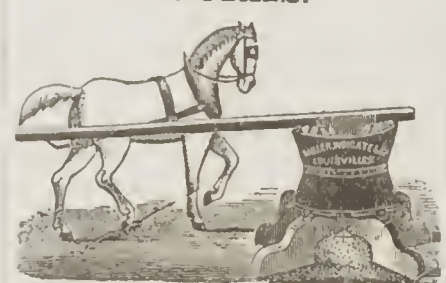
Big Boston is a beautiful bay, with a remarkable rich silk-like glossy suit of hair; six years old this spring, sixteen hands high, with large bone, great stamina and muscular power, and that perfect balance and correctness of shape that ensures speed, durability and ease in all his gait. Being of a good disposition, he goes very kindly under the saddle and harness.

PEDIGREE.

Big Boston was got by the renowned Boston, dam Tranlyana, by imported Tranby; g. dam Lady Tompkins, by American Eclipse; g. g. dam Katy Ann, by Ogle's Oscar; g. g. g. dam, Young Maid of the Oaks, (Medoc's dam), by Imported Expedition; g. g. g. g. Old Maid of the Oaks, by Imported Spread Eagle; g. g. g. g. Annet, by Imported Shark; g. g. g. g. Nelson's Rockingham; g. g. g. g. g. True Whig—Baylor's Gallant—Imported Burwell's Regulus—Imported Dismale, sire of Hunt Boy.

feb. 27—5m HUNTER & MURPHY, Bardstown, March 1st, 1856.

Louisville Agricultural WORKS.



KENTUCKY CORN & COB MILL.

It is well known that there is great economy in crushing or grinding the kernels of all grain before feeding it to stock, and that there is much ground. And the only reason that mills arranged to produce these desired results have not been more generally introduced among planters and farmers, has been their complex arrangement and high cost.

In the Kentucky Corn and Cob Mill, of which the above is an accurate engraving, we claim to have produced a machine at once efficient, substantial and cheap, while its arrangement is so simple that the most ordinary hand can adjust and operate it. This machine, unlike any other, is regulated by means of a single set screw, which is easily moved by hand, and is applied directly under the center of the mill.

Any one using these mills will find a clear saving of ONE QUARTER of their corn over the old plan of feeding.

We warrant these Mills to give entire satisfaction. Purchasers may use them for thirty days, and if not satisfied, can return them and get their money.

They will grind Corn and Cob as fine as desired, at the following rate per hour, with one horse:

No. 1, 4 to 5 bush. per hour. Weight 350 lbs. Price, \$25.00.

No. 2, 6 to 8 bush. per hour. Weight 400 lbs. Price \$30.00.

The above prices include the complete Mill ready to hitch to without any further expense, and could be set in operation in five minutes time.

Pennsylvania Four Horse Power, and Thresher, with Tumbling Shaft Complete.

We are now engaged in making 500 of these Threshers for the harvest of 1856. And from our experience and success last season, together with the additional precaution of having secured at an early day thoroughly seasoned lumber, and other materials of unexceptionable quality, we are satisfied that we will be able to turn out Machines to which we can and will give the most unqualified endorsement.

The advantages claimed by us for the Pennsylvania Thresher over any other in general use, are the following:

1st. Its great strength and simplicity.

2d. Its ability to do more work each day than can be performed by any other known Machine driven by four horses.

3d. It is portable, and is easily hauled by two horses on a wagon, and can be loaded or unloaded, and put in operation in thirty minutes.

4th. We have also succeeded in removing what has heretofore been so objectionable in other Machines, to wit: the necessity for great speed on the part of the horses—our Machine being so geared as to accomplish greater motion with less speed in driving.

We have manufactured and sold over two hundred of these machines during the past season, (and in no instance has one been returned,) under the following

WARRANTEE.

We warrant every Machine to be made well, and of good material, in every respect, and to do its work to the satisfaction of the purchaser, or refund the money.

PRICES.

Complete Four-Horse Power and Thresher, ready for use, cash, \$135 00

Complete Four-Horse Power alone, cash 80 00

Complete Four-Horse Thresher, all new, cash, 60 00

Band Wheel, to be added to this Power if desired, for driving Cotton Gin, Corn Mill, Corn Sheller, Straw Cutter, Whist Fan, &c., &c., extra, 15 00

COMBINED REAPER & MOWER, MILLER, WINGATE & CO'S KENTUCKY HARVESTER.

We are now building for the harvest of 1856, five hundred Combined Reaping and Mowing Machines, of our own construction, and to which we will give the most unqualified warrant as to their performance in every respect; and that they shall be of better material, construction and workmanship, than any other similar Machine in use. Price, cash, one hundred and forty dollars.

Circulars containing a cut and accurate description of this machine will be forwarded by us on application by letter or otherwise.

Orders should be forwarded early. Liberal discount to dealers.

MILLER, WINGATE & CO. Manufacturers of Farming Implements and Machines, Louisville, Ky.

Feb. 27, 1856.

5,000 POUNDS of clean Linen and Cotton RAGS wanted at the Printing Office, for which the highest price CASH will be paid. may 5th

Farm for Sale.

WISH to sell my Farm, lying on the waters of Little Rock Fork, about six miles north of Springfield, Washington county, and containing

255 ACRES.

Said farm is well watered and well timbered, and in high state of cultivation, and with all necessary improvements.

TERMS: One third cash in hand, and the balance in one and two years, with interest from date. I will give possession on the 10th day of March, 1856.

N. B. If the cash is paid for the whole place, I will make a reasonable deduction upon my original price.

Feb. 20, 1856—J. C. HANLY.

FOUND.

ON Monday, the 4th of February, a sum of MONEY, which the owner can have by describing the same and paying charges, and calling on me.

Feb. 6, 1856—JAMES RUSSELL.

GEORGE W. MOORE, J. T. O'BRYEN, MANSION HOUSE, BARDETOWN, KY.

MESSRS. MOORE & O'BRYEN Announce to their friends and the public that they have leased for a term of years the above well-known

HOTEL AND STAGE STAND.

The House has been renovated and rearranged, and everything put in proper order for the entertainment of Travelers and Boarders. Jan. 23, 1856—J. T. O'BRYEN.

UNION HOUSE,

A. S. HARDY,

HAVING Recently purchased the House formerly occupied as a Hotel, and more recently as a Boarding School, solicits a liberal share of public patronage. The stand is situated on Main Street, Lebanon, Ky., and is in a retired and pleasant portion of the town. I have re-fitted and re-furnished the entire establishment in a handsome manner, and am now prepared to receive travelers or regular boarders by the day, week, month, or year.

My table shall always be furnished with the very best the market can afford; and I intend that my prices shall in all cases be liberal.

Travelers who can always be carefully attended to, as I have made all necessary arrangements to that end, and there will shortly be a large, comfortable and handsome new stable erected on the premises.

Oct. 17th A. S. HARDY.

Hurley's Sarsaparilla.

OF all the remedies that have been discovered during the present age for the "thousands and thousands" who are afflicted with this terrible disease, none equal this wonderful preparation. Only three years have elapsed since the discoverer (who spent a decade in studying, experimenting, and perfecting it) first introduced it to the public, and it is now recognized by the most eminent physicians in all parts of the country to be the most surprising and effective remedy for certain diseases of which they have knowledge.

All other compounds or syrups of the root have hitherto failed to command the sanction of the faculty, because on being tested they have been found to contain noxious ingredients, which neutralize the good effects of the Sarsaparilla, and often times injure the health of the patient.

It is not so with Hurley's preparation.

This is the pure and genuine extract of the root, and will, on trial, be found to effect a certain and perfect cure of the following complaints and diseases:

Affections of the Bones, Habitual Costiveness, Debility, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, complaint, Dyspepsia, Piles, Erysipelas, Pulmonary diseases, Female Irregularities, Scrofula, or Kings Evil, Fistula, Syphilis, and all Skin Diseases.

Besides curing the above it is known to be a great and powerful tonic, purifying the blood and invigorating the system. In short, it is without exception, in the cases mentioned, and its general effect upon the system the most efficacious, as it is the most desirable remedy of the age.

It is widely and extensively used throughout the country, and is fast obtaining an European reputation. The instances of cures it has effected are daily coming to the proprietor's knowledge, and he has no hesitation in recommending it to one and all who desire to procure relief from suffering. One bottle being tried, its effects will be too apparent to admit of further doubt.

Recollect Hurley's Sarsaparilla is the only genuine article in the market.

Price \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for 5.

For sale at the manufacturers, corner Seventh and Green streets, Louisville, Ky. And by L. H. NOBLE, and L. A. SPALDING, Lebanon, Ky.

Oct. 31st.

NEW AND CHEAP



SANSBURY & BOWMAN,

THE above having located themselves permanently in Lebanon, Ky., wish to inform the public generally, that they are now receiving direct from the Eastern Market, a full and complete stock of

DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c.

Which they offer for sale as low as they can be had in Louisville or any of the Western cities.

We have taken the precaution to select every article having long been engaged in the Drug and Prescription business, we are fully aware of the great want of fresh and pure drugs and medicines.

We have also made an arrangement with the Eastern Wholesale Druggists and Manufacturers, by which we will be enabled to keep our stock full and complete.

The following is an abridged catalogue of our stock, viz:

Drugs,	Paints in Oil,
Medicines,	Glass Ware,
Paints,	Palais,
Oils,	Furniture,
Dye-stuffs,	Fancy Toilet Soaps,
Varnishes,	Painters' Brushes,
Medical Brands,	Poor Wines for the sick,
Cordials,	Tooth and Hair Brushes,
Breast Pumps,	Flavoring Extracts,
Heifer Teats,	&c., &c.

Also Patent Medicines of all kinds, together with a large and complete assortment of Stationery; in fact, everything usually found in a DRUG AND VARIETY STORE.

Our store is opposite the Lebanon Hotel, next door to Messrs. B. Edwards & Son

MAIL ROBBERY ANECDOTES.

In the early annals of our country, says Mr. Holbrook, in his "Ten years among the Mail-Bags," many instances of mail robbery are found, some of which occasioned the display of great intrepidity and daring, as the perusal of the following will show:

While the country was yet thinly settled, and the mails were transported on horseback, or in different kinds of vehicles, from the gig to the stage-coach, of ten through extensive forests, which afforded every facility for robbery, the office of stage driver or mail carrier was no sinecure. Resolute men were required for this service, who on an emergency, could handle a pistol as well as a whip.

Some thirty or forty years ago, a mail-coach ran in the northern part of the State of New York, through the famous "Chateaugay woods." The forest was many miles in extent, and common fame and many legends gave it the reputation of a noted place for freebooters and highwaymen.

One morning the stage driver, on his route, had occasion to examine his pistols, and found, instead of the usual charge that they were loaded with "what a-bron!" A daring villain had, through an accomplice, thus dismissed the driver, preparatory to waylaying him. He drew the charges, cleaned the weapons, and carefully loaded them with powder and ball.

That afternoon he mounted his stage for his drive through the Chateaugay woods. Whistling as he went, he "cracked up" his leaders and drove into the forest. Just about the centre of the woods a man sprang out from behind a tree, and seized the horses by the bit.

"I say, driver," said the footpad, with consummate coolness, "I want to take a look at that mail."

"Yes, you do, no doubt, want to overhaul my mails," replied the driver, "but I can't be so free unless you show me your commission. I'm driver here, and I never give up my mails except to one regularly authorized."

"O, you don't, eh? Well, here's my authority," showing the butt of a large pistol partly concealed in his bosom. "Now dismount and hear a hand, my fine fellow, for you see I've got the documents about me."

"Yes, and so've I," says the driver, instantly leveling his own trusty weapon at the highwayman.

"O, you won't hurt nobody, I guess, I've seen boys playing soldier before now," "Just drop those reins," says the keeper of Uncle Sam's mail bags, "or take the consequences."

"O, now you're joking, my fine lad! But come, look alive, for I'm in a hurry, it's nearly night."

A sharp report echoed through the forest, and the disciple of Dick Turpin lay stretched upon the ground. One groan and all was over. The ball had entered his temple.

The driver lifted the body into the coach, drove to the next stopping place, related the circumstance, and gave himself up. A brief examination before a magistrate resulted in his acquittal, and highwaymen about the Chateaugay woods learned that pistols might be dangerous weapons, even if they were loaded with wheat bran, provided they were in the hands of one who knew how to use them.

Another exciting case occurred near Utica, early in the present century, when western and northern New York was a wilderness.

An old rogue, who had long been steeped in crime, finding his companions nearly all gone—the prisons and gallows having claimed their own—and his material resource nearly exhausted, sought for a profitable alliance. He succeeded in getting into familiarity with a very young man, son of a gentleman of standing reputation, a worthy citizen and an honest man. The two laid their plans for robbing the mail. Considerable sums of money were known to pass constantly in the great mail running east and west.

Watching their opportunity, they stopped the coach one night when there were no passengers. The driver was bold and faithful to his charge, and made a stout resistance. They tied him to a tree, and opened the mail. Fearing detection and not obtaining much money, the veteran villain drew his pistol and shot the poor driver. As in most criminal transactions, fortune went against the perpetrators—they were both taken, and sufficient evidence being produced, they were sentenced to be hanged.

Though there was but one opinion as to the comparative culpability of the two individuals, no one could say but that both were equally guilty, in a legal sense, of the murder. Out of respect to the parents of the young man, great efforts were made to obtain a pardon, but they were unsuccessful.

Both the sentences were carried into execution. The circumstances gave rise to a thorough discussion of the policy, the humanity, and the right or wrong of capital punishments. One of the most powerful arguments ever made against the death penalty was written by the father of the young criminal, and obtained a wide circulation in pamphlet form.

In the summer of 1851, a company of travelers were seated in the mail stage that runs from Mexico to Vera Cruz. Marauding parties of guerillas had often stopped the mail, and when practicable, robbed the passengers. Sometimes returning Californians, and other travelers, give these freebooters a rather warm precept.

On the present occasion there was but three or four passengers, some of whom were armed with small revolvers. Six-

dently a party of mounted guerillas appeared, nearly a dozen in number, and at once stopped the coach, and ordered the passengers out.

Either from fear or collision, the drivers never interfere, but remain neutral. Probably, if they resisted, their lives would pay the forfeit. The passengers, supposing there was no hope of escape but to give up their watches and money commenced "paying over."

A young English gentleman, in one corner of the coach, immediately took up a double-barrel gun, and shot the villain at the door of the coach, and then with the other barrel killed another of the party, by shooting him off his horse. He then drew a revolver, and jumped out. The other travelers concluded, like Wellington's reserves at Waterloo, that they might as well "up and at 'em," and quite unprepared for such a reception, the freebooters—the surviving ones—fled with precipitation. The papers resounded with praises of "this fine young English gentleman, all of the modern time."

His father was a distinguished member of Parliament, and soon had the pleasure of meeting his son, who had been abroad and shown he was made of the right kind of stuff for a traveler in a dangerous country.

Father Matthew, instead of being at the Fejee Islands, as has been stated, is said to be in Ireland, whither he proceeded a year or so ago for the benefit of his health.

LEAP YEAR.—Some happy bachelors or others, citizens of Herkimer county, have presented a petition to the New York Assembly for a law making every alternate year a leap year! This is a "Woman's Rights" movement that no one could object to.

He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your cool, dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware—"There is no deception in a bull dog." It is only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned.

LITTLE RUDDA IS A BAD WAY.—The Providence Journal says that the expenses of Rhode Island, for the present political year, will be more than \$80,000 in excess of the receipts. This excess is chiefly occasioned by the expenses upon the State Prison.

St. Joseph's College.
BARDSTOWN, KY.

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2. For the class of Mineralogy and Geology, 5 00
3. For Music or Dancing, per quarter, each, 10 00
4. For Painting or Drawing, per quarter, each, 5 00
5. For Board in the College during the vacation, per week, 2 00
6. For use of bed and bedding, per session, 8 00

For further particulars apply, by letter, to the President.

N. B. The Collegiate exercises were resumed on the 2d of September.

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THIS Literary Institution, founded in 1821, by the late REV. WILLIAM BYRN, and subsequently conducted for many years by the Jesuits, is now under the superintendence of the Right Rev. Bishop of Louisville, who will always take means to provide a suitable Faculty for carrying it on with a view to promote the greatest public good. Under the auspices of its previous conductors, the Institution has been instrumental in widely diffusing the blessings of a religious education throughout Kentucky and the adjoining States.—The steadiness of its patronage has been a constant evidence of the public approval. The beauty and salubrity of the situation, as well as the spaciousness and commodiousness of the College buildings, are generally known. It will be the constant aim of the Faculty to adopt, so far as practicable, the plan which it was so well and so usefully conducted by its enlightened and benevolent Founder.

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Board, Sec. (as above), with Tuition in the Classics, Higher Mathematics and Philosophy, or either of them, 50 00
Tuition in French, (Extra), 5 00
Bed and Bedding, when furnished, 3 00
Stationery, (Pen, Ink and Paper,) when furnished, 2 50
Physician's Fee and Medicines, per Session, 1 50
Books, and other necessary articles are furnished by the Agent of the College, at current retail prices;
For those who remain at the College during the vacation, there will be an additional charge of 10 00
Music, per session, 10 00

PROSPECTUS OF THE POST

Believing as we do, that the perpetuity, welfare, and prosperity of our beloved country have been jeopardized by the fanatics of the North; we, the undersigned, have come to the conclusion that our voice as a public journalist should be put forward in defense of those things which threaten the free air of America; be they Catholic or Protestant; native born or foreign-born. The Constitution of the United States guarantees to every man, who, either is accidentally born within her limits, or swears (internally allegiance to her laws, protection, suffrage, and the right, (particularly,) to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Therefore, conceiving as we do, that the DEMOCRATIC PARTY, is the only one that advocates "Equal Rights to all, and exclusive privileges to none," we shall, in public, as we have heretofore in private, advocate and support the tenets of the Democratic Party. We have said it too often thrown in our teeth, when we wish to show up folly in its true color, that we were "neutral," and consequently had no right to say anything in regard to any political subject, either privately or publicly. We have got tired of this, and although the bustle and commotion of politics suits not our inclination; yet, under the exigencies of the case, we think our imperative duty to publish a strictly

DEMOCRATIC PAPER.

Those who take our paper hereafter, shall never have the pleasure of saying to us that we have transgressed the bounds of "neutrality," for we intend to have the privilege of saying what we please; and, bearing as we do, the burden of TRUTH, we fear not the arrows of error. In this throwing broadcast, the glorious old banner of Democracy, which we have been forced to do by inadvertent circumstances, which we will explain hereafter, we have only acted in self defense; but of that, more anon.

Heretofore, our pen, humble and feeble though it be, will be dedicated to the Democratic principles, whilst at the same time, we will not forget to place before our readers each week, matter for their amusement, edification and instruction. **TERMS**—THE POST will be furnished to subscribers at \$2 00 per year, if paid in advance. When payment is delayed for six months, \$2 50 will be exacted, and when payments are delayed until the end of the year, \$3 00 will, in all cases, be exacted. Clubs of ten or more, however, will be taken at \$1 50 each, where the money accompanies the list.

W. W. JACK,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

LEBANON, KY., December 1st 1855.

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The Publishers of this large and popular Family Journal offers for the coming year, (1856) a combination of Literary attractions heretofore unattained by any of the Philadelphia Weeklies. Among the new features will be a new and brilliant series of Original Romances by George Lippard, entitled "Legends of the Last Century." All who have read Mr. Lippard's celebrated "Legends of the American Revolution" published for fifty consecutive weeks in the *Saturday Courier*, will find these pictures of French and American History endowed with all the power and brilliancy of his previous productions. The first of a series of Original Novellettes, called "Morris Martley," or the Knights of the Mystic Valley, by Harrison H. Ainsworth, is about to be commenced. It will be handsomely illustrated with 12 fine engravings, and its stirring incidents cannot fail to elicit undivided praise. *Evermore Dawn*, the distinguished Novelist, the favorite of the West, and the author of some of the finest productions ever published, is engaged to furnish a brilliant Novellette to follow the above. Mrs. Mary Adams Dutton, author of *Officer Pictures*, *Patience Worth*, *Uncle and her Grandmother*, &c., will contribute a splendid Domestic Novellette, entitled the "Old Ivy Grove," and H. C. Watson an illustrated Story called the "Two Edged Knife"—a graphic picture of Early Life in Old Kentucky. To these will be added Original Contributions and selections from Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Clara Corbett, L. L. Lippard, Grace Greenwood, and other distinguished writers; the news of the day, graphic editorial, full reports of the provision, money, and stock markets, letters from travelers at home and abroad, &c., &c.

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